**Seed**

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# Seed

by TigerPrawn

Summary

**Ficlet for #SpookySlick Fest 2020**
~~Fluff / Nesting~~ / Pumpkin Patch

Will's weekend job takes an interesting turn when a mysterious stranger comes looking for something ripe.

# Seed

#SpookySlick // Pumpkin Patch
A03: TigerPrawn

“These are the biggest,” Will said, eyeing up the most unusual and unexpected customer he’d ever seen roll into this place. In a Bentley no less.

“Hmm, it’s not the size I’m interested in, more so the ripeness. For this dish I need a particular depth of flavour. The pumpkin must be perfect.” The older alpha was cool and charming, effortlessly so, and it made Will shiver.

Will couldn’t help but enjoy the man’s accented rumble, so exotic compared to what he was used to, here in the middle of damn nowhere. He dressed like a cross between a dandy and a clown, but carried himself in such a way as to make the potentially ridiculous look sublime.

Certainly this man wasn’t like any other customer Will had ever dealt with at the pick your own pumpkin patch that was his weekend job.

“Um, I couldn’t tell you which is the ripest,” Will explained with a note of apology in his tone.

“Oh, I assume you were the farmer’s son and had some knowledge?”

“Ha, no. I just work here at the weekends to help Mister Jackson out. Will kicked at the dirt. The air was slightly chill, but it wasn’t like this place got all that cold. Still, it was cooler than most of the places his dad had dragged him around over the last couple of years, and that was something of a relief.

After presenting a few years earlier, he’d just had his first rut and the cooler air made him glad of the outdoor job. It was better than working with his dad, as much as Will enjoyed working with boats, he got nothing but shit from his dad. The beta had been proud when Will had presented as an alpha, but as time had passed it had become clear that Will was not turning out how his father had hoped.

“Hmm,” The alpha responded thoughtfully and then turned back to the pumpkins. “The colour of these is pleasing. You can test the ripeness by touch.” He crouched down next to a medium sized pumpkin and looked up at Will as though expecting him to do the same.

Will swallowed, hesitating for a moment before crouching down beside the alpha. This close Will could scent the man. A strong and virile musk that made Will’s mouth water.

Well, if he hadn't known since he was twelve that he was definitely gay, this meeting would have sure validated it.

Will watched as the alpha's sickeningly beautiful hands roamed over the nearest pumpkin, giving the flesh a squeeze before stopping to knock on it.

"Here," The alpha said, taking one of Will's hands and placing it on the pumpkin. "If you press into the rind you'll find it hard, resistant to the pressure. And if you knock on it, it will sound hollow. This one-" he knocked again -"is perfect."

After he knocked, the alpha's hand went back over Will's, the expression on his face making clear that he knew exactly the effect that was having.

"Um, great." Will replied, knowing he should probably pull his hand away, but instead found himself captured in the man's gaze. Embarrassingly finding it made him a little hard, he was just glad there weren't any other customers.

"I shall take this one." The alpha finally said, releasing Will's hand as he stood.

Will was in something of a daze as he nodded and picked up the pumpkin.

"I'll bring it to your car." Will said, rewarded by a soft smile that showed a few sharp teeth.

It took a minute to get to the Bentley and the alpha opened the door for Will to place it on the passenger seat.

"Okay then, well that's-" Will started but the man held out some folded dollars that he could already see was way too much. He hesitated to take it.

"Keep the change," The alpha said, and then just as Will was about to take the money, he pulled it back slightly. "I'm here on business, for the weekend. I'm staying at the Hilton."

"Oh?" Will replied, eyes wide as he visibly shivered at the unexpected information.

The man pulled a business card from his pocket and slipped it in with the money and then handed it all to Will.

"Hannibal Lecter," The man offered.

"Will Graham." Will replied, unable to hide the flush on his cheeks.

"A pleasure to meet you, Will."

*

"The flesh and pulp I will incorporate into the main dish," Hannibal rumbled the words as he kissed the young man's shoulder, stroked a hand down his spine. "The seeds… Those hold a different flavour altogether. Roasted."

The young alpha was quite the treat. He lay face down now on Hannibal's hotel bed, naked but for the thin sheet pulled up to his middle. Hannibal had spent the evening filling the beautiful stranger with seed of his own and planned to do so at least once more before he left town.

"Mmm," Will hummed. A hum that turned to a slight moan as Hannibal kissed his shoulder again and then began to kiss down his spine, sliding the sheet down. "I've never done this before you know." Will gasped out the words.

Hannibal chuckled, "Actually, I believe you did several times last night."

Will chuckled too, his lithe body shaking. "I mean, before last night. Before you. Not like this is a town where an alpha can pick up other al-" His breath hitched when Hannibal spread his cheeks and licked over his hole, tasting the lingering flavour of his own seed.

"Hmm, I shall consider myself lucky then." Hannibal said before lathing Will's asshole with his tongue.

Will's body tightened and he moaned beautifully before finally gasping out, "How did you know? That I, nng, like alphas?"

Hannibal pulled back, sliding a finger over Will in place of his tongue, caressing gently and pressing in the tip.

"I took a chance. You seemed ripe and ready for harvesting."

Will laughed at that, but it was lost once again to sweet sounds of pleasure as Hannibal continued, "I needed to test the flesh to be sure." He squeezed Will's ass as he had the pumpkin the day before, enjoying how the young man groaned.

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